

*The Chronicle History*

*Nim.* I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,  
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,  
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them  
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

*Bar.* Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll*  
and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives  
to cut our owne throates.

*Nim.* Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of  
it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,  
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

*Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.*

*Bar.* Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*.

heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

*Nim.* How do you my host?

*Pist.* Base slaue, callest thou me host?

Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,  
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

*Host.* No by my troth not I,

For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen  
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,  
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.  
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall  
We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:  
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,  
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

*Pist.* What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

*Nim.* Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

*Pist.* Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,  
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within  
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus  
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,  
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

*Nim.* I am not *Barbasom*, you cannot coniure me;  
I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,  
And you fall foule with me. *Pistoll*,  
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

if

*of Henry*

If you will walke off a little,  
Ile pricke your guts a little in  
And there's the humor of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and d  
The graue doth gape, and gro  
Therefore exall.

*Bar.* Heare me, he that strik  
Ile kill him, as I am a Souldier

*Pist.* An oath of mickle migh

*Nim.* Ile cut your throat at c  
In faire termes: and there's th

*Pist.* Couple gorge is the w  
A damned hound, thinkst thou  
No, to the powdering tub of  
Fetch forth the lazar kite of  
Doll Tear-sheete, she by name  
I haue, and I will hold, the qu  
For the onely she and Paco, th

*Enter the*

*Boy.* Hostes, you must come  
And you host *Pistoll*.

Good *Bardolfe* put thy nose be  
And do the office of a warning

*Host.* By my troth hee'l yeeld  
these dayes.

Ile go to him, husband you'l c

*Bar.* Come *Pistoll* be friend  
*Nim*, prethee be friends, and if  
Be enemies with me too.

*Ni.* I shal haue my eight shilli

*Pist.* Base is the slaue that pa

*Ni.* That now I will haue, an

*Pist.* As manhood shall comp

*Bar.* He that strikes the first  
Ile kill him by this sword.

*Pi.* Sword is an oath, and oat